

Walkyrie

Riding across the battlefield
through bodies and blood in the ground.
Screams that begins the melody,
to end with the sound of the swords.

I am the one who will choose you in battle.
I am the last word, behind your death.
Be a brave warrior, fighting with honour,
as Odin, my father commands.

Wings of my horse ripping the wind,
fast as the lighting of Thor.
I'm taking your spirit. Ravens by my side.
We go to Valhalla, my home.

Through five hundred and forty
the doors of Vingolf,
accompany you, drinking mead.
Prepare for new battle, be ready to fight
you hand was made for a sword!!!

I am the one who will choose you in battle.
I am the last word, behind your death.
Be a brave warrior, fighting with honour,
as Odin, my father comands.

*One day you will fight,
to defend our land.
I'll be proud while I see,
the victory arrive, by the swords
of the one I choose.
The bravest ones.*